



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

the lower magnesian limestone strata, which overlap the south eastern district of the great Newcastle Coal-field, and which, including a stratum of "freestone sand" at the bottom of the limestone, extended, at Monkwearmouth, to the thickness of 330 feet, and discharged towards the bottom of the strata the prodigious quantity of three thousand gallons of water per minute—for the raising of which into an off-take drift, a double-acting steam-engine, working with a power of from one hundred and eighty to two hundred horses was found necessary. The first unequivocal stratum of the coal formation, viz., a bed of coal 1½ inches thick, was not reached till August, 1831, (being about three hundred and forty-four feet below the surface,) after which the tremendous influx of water which had so long impeded the sinking operations was "stopped back" by cylindrical "metal tubing" or casing, fitted (in a series of small portions) to the shaft, and extending from below the above bed of coal to within twenty-six yards of the surface. The sinking now proceeded with spirit—still, no valuable bed of coal was reached, although the shaft had passed considerably above six hundred feet into the coal measures, and much deeper than had hitherto been found requisite for reaching some of the known seams. It became evident that the miners were in unknown ground. A new "feeder of water" was encountered at the great depth of one thousand feet, requiring fresh pumps and a fresh outlay of money. The prospects of the owners became unpromising in the eyes of most men, and were denounced as hopeless by many of the coal-viewers! still the Messrs. Pemberton (the enterprising owners of this colliery) continued, and in October last reached a seam of considerable value and thickness, at the depth of 1578 feet below the surface, and presuming that this newly discovered seam was identified with the Bensham seam of the Tyne, (or Maudlin seam of the Wear), they are rapidly deepening their shaft, in anticipation of reaching the Hutton, or most valuable seam, at no distant period, but which (if their anticipations are well founded) will be found at a depth approaching three hundred fathoms from the surface! In the mean time, however, workings have very recently commenced in the supposed Bensham seam. A party of scientific gentlemen descended into these workings on Saturday last, and aided by every facility and assistance which could be afforded to them by the Messrs. Pemberton, made several barometric and thermometric observations, the detail of which will be deeply interesting to many of our readers. A barometer at the top of the shaft (87 feet above high water mark) stood at 30.518, its attached thermometer (Fahrenheit) being 53. On being carried down to the new workings (1584 feet below the top) it stood at 32.280, and in all probability higher than ever before seen by human eye! the attached thermometer being fifty-eight. Four workings or drifts had been commenced in the coal; the longest of them being that "to the dip," twenty-two yards in length and nearly two in breadth—to the end of which the current of fresh air for ventilating the mine was diverted—and from which the pitmen employed in its excavation had just departed) was selected for the following thermometric observations. (Temperature of the current of air near the entrance of the drift, 62 Fahrenheit; near the end of the drift 63; close to the face or extremity of the drift, and beyond the current of air, 68.) A piece of coal was hewn from the face; and two thermometers placed in the spot just before occupied by the coal (their bulbs being instantly covered with coal dust) rose to seventy-one. A small pool of water was standing at the end of the drift. Temperature of this water at eleven o'clock, seventy; three hours later sixty-nine and a half. A register thermometer was buried eighteen inches deep below the floor, and about ten yards from the entrance of the drift; forty minutes afterwards its maximum temperature was sixty-seven. Another register thermometer was similarly buried near the end of the drift, and after a similar period indicated a maximum temperature of seventy. It was then placed in a deeper hole and covered with small coal; some water oozed out of the side of this hole to the depth of six or eight inches above the thermometer, which, upon being examined after a sufficient interval of time, indicated a temperature of seventy-one and a half.

A stream of gas bubbles (igniting with the flame of a candle: issued through the water collected in this hole; the bulbs of two very sensible thermometers were immersed under water in this stream of gas, and indicated a temperature constantly varying between 71.5 and 72.6. A thermometer was lowered to the bottom of a hole drilled to the depth of two feet and a half into the floor of another of the workings, and the atmospheric air excluded from it by a tight stopping of clay: this thermometer being raised after the lapse of forty-eight hours, stood at 71.2. Other experiments, in the prosecution of these inquiries, are contemplated."

### "THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT."

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

This is not only a very pretty, but a very interesting little book, for little people. Its merit does not rest on the beauty of the engravings. The stories are in general well adapted for the class of readers for whom it is intended; and several of the pieces of poetry, besides being instructive, are *poetical*. We shall give a specimen of each.

### A GHOST STORY.

IN A LETTER FROM WALES.

MY DEAR FRED—When I promised to write to you, I little thought I should have such an adventure to relate—such a ghost—yes, a real ghost story to tell you. I think it long till the holidays are over, to tell it to all the boys in our room at once: it beats George Amherst's stories all to nothing; and then as papa says, it does so well show the folly of being afraid. But, I say, Fred, my boy, only think of a lady in white coming to my bedside—oh! I shall not easily forget it; but, mind, you never catch me believing again in any of your tales of ghosts, hobgoblins, or whatever you please to call them. I mustn't spoil my story before I can tell it. I was, you know, going to describe all about Wales, and the Welsh people; but I can think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, and write of nothing else, than the ghost which haunted the new house. It is in a most beautiful spot, to be sure; yet, I own, I was a little disappointed, because I did not think, till I came, of the difference in the scenery between North and South Wales. I was expecting to see the long chain of brown dusky mountains, of stupendous cliffs, and frightful precipices, with a cottage here and there interspersed; instead of which we are surrounded by fertile hills. The house papa has bought, stands on one, the base of which is washed by a beautiful winding river, and when the tide is full in, it is a glorious prospect;—but a great deal more about all this when my story is told. The accommodations at the village inn were so miserable that my papa ordered some furniture from the neighbouring town, resolving to have two or three rooms fitted up in the house. The people of the inn stared aghast as he announced his determination.

"La, Sir, you surely be joking! sleep there, Sir?"

"Yes, indeed," said papa, "I was never more in earnest in my life."

"You will excuse my making so free, but, indeed, you cannot sleep there, Sir."

"Why not?" asked papa.

"Because, Sir—because they say the house is haunted."

"By whom, my good friend?"

"By the lady, Sir."

"By what lady, pray?"

"Why a lady who, they say, was murdered there many long years ago."

"And do you really believe these things?"

"La, Sir! to be sure I do. Who that comes to so foul an end could rest quiet in a grave?"

"But for what purpose do you suppose the spirits of those who are gone are permitted to disturb the innocent here? If those who killed the lady were still on earth, perhaps their guilty consciences might lead them to fancy her before them."

"I know nothing about that, Sir; but sure and certain am I, that there she walks every night; and no one has since slept twice in the house. There was one man, Sir,

disappeared with her, and never was seen again from that day to this: five years ago, Jem Coleman once fancied he saw him on the deck of a vessel a few miles out at sea, but he was gone in a moment; he did put his boat out, and rowed to the vessel, and asked if they had Bad Barney, as we used to call him, on board; but they only laughed, and said they never knew such a person; so, sure and certain, it was his troubled spirit."

"But has the house never been let?"

"It goes with the land, you see, but nobody can live in it; but the land fetches such a good price, it quite makes up for it. Indeed, Sir, as sure as you stand there, you will never lie quiet in your bed."

"Indeed I do not admire having my rest broken; but even if I am disturbed, I shall not lay it to the poor ghost?"

"Well, Sir, seeing is believing; you know; and trust me if ever you go there a second night—and what's more, I am sure nobody in the village will go with you."

"Never mind," said papa, "I have my own two servants, and my son, which, I trust, will be sufficient; if it is only a lady ghost, I presume she will not use any violence towards us; and even if she does, I think we should be more than a match for her. Can you tell me of any mischief she has done?"

"I think it is enough if she frightens people out of their wits; but, sure, you won't take the young gentleman with you?"

"That I leave to himself; he is old enough to judge which he had best do. He has been taught to fear nothing while he knows he has acted rightly, and to believe himself in all places and circumstances under the immediate protection of God; and, young as he is, he would not, I think, very easily be persuaded to believe in a ghost."

"Well, Sir, you really are very hard of belief, almost as much so as Bill Simpson, who used to swear he feared neither God nor devil; but he never dared the ghost a second night, nor was he ever after heard to boast of his unbelief, but went regularly to church, chapel, ay, and prayer-meeting too, for matter o' that."

"Indeed," said papa, "you begin to make me think very well of the lady ghost, and almost desirous of her acquaintance."

"Well, to be sure, you be a merry gentleman, and not very soon frightened; but if your courage doesn't come down a peg or two afore this time to-morrow, my name is not Mary Jones."

Had not papa cut the matter short, I know not when poor Mrs. Jones's persuasions would have stopped; and it was soon plain that she did not drop the subject when she left the room, as our intention of sleeping on Castle Hill was soon spread all over the village, which, certainly, was not very large. You would have laughed to see the women standing in groups, with their knitting in their hands, whispering together, and looking at us as if we were going to be sacrificed.

You will wonder how I felt all this while—why, rather queer, Fred, I will own, but still determined to go through all, if only for the sake of having a good story to tell the boys when I return to school. Without papa I know I never could have gone, but when one sees another not afraid, we are not so much so ourselves: I did sit for a few minutes thinking where the ghost could or would take us to if she attempted to spirit us away, and, though half afraid he would laugh at me, I ventured to ask papa; he tried to conceal a smile, but could not, as he told me to reflect a moment whether it were possible, if she really were supernatural, for her to do such a thing.

"Let me," continued he, "put one question to you, Henry: Out of all the marvellous stories you have ever heard, do you remember one of them to have been related by any really religious, well-educated person? Are they not always represented to have been seen by the ignorant and superstitious?"

"Why, yes, papa, they certainly are," replied I.

"And have they not been described to be perfectly harmless—merely embodied for a moment, then vanishing in the air—for this obvious reason, because their disappearance could no other way be accounted for? You

never hear of any good resulting from the disclosures they make. And were they even empowered to unveil the future, have we any business to penetrate that which God, in his infinite wisdom, forbids us to know? And happy is it for us that his goodness has so ordained; for if bad is to come, would not the knowledge of it render the intervening time miserable, which might otherwise be one of enjoyment? and if we had the certainty of future happiness, how unfitted should we be for present duties in anticipating its arrival!"

But I shall fill my sheet with papa's remarks, and not have room for the best part of my story; so I shall skip over all that passed till we went to our rooms at night.—There was a little tent-bed for me by papa's—now mind, Fred, not one word to the boys when we get back, but, indeed, I could not help it—I crept out of my own into his. The two men-servants were in the adjoining apartment. We, at least I, lay a long time awake, trembling no more than I could possibly help, and was just beginning to feel a little heavy, when I heard the village clock strike one. It was a bright moonlight night; I could hear the splashing of the water as the tide kept ebbing and beating over the rocks. Papa had fallen into a sound sleep—this I was sure of, from the noise he made. As I lay, I fancied I heard a sort of rumbling and creaking; and, though I felt a little alarmed, I could not for the life of me keep my head under the bed-clothes; so I ventured to look towards the door, which kept opening a little and a little wider, with the noise of a chair I had placed there, as there was no key in the door. I crept closer to papa, who, out of deference to the ghost, ceased snoring, or rather awoke, though he lay still, and spoke not. Presently, in came a lady, all in white, sure enough, with long black hair flowing all over her shoulders; a large muslin veil hung over her head, which was thrown back; her face was of an unearthly hue—very, very pale and ghastly.—She was extremely ugly, and held something in her hand which emitted a faint blue flame. She advanced with a noiseless step to the foot of the bed, when she began singing something in the Welsh dialect. She then came to the side where I lay, making such horrid faces! I shall never forget her looks. She was just turning away, when papa, snatching a pistol from behind his pillow, called out, "pray, madam, don't leave us yet, though I have nothing to offer you but a little gunpowder, and have not time to make it into tea; so you must excuse taking it thus."—Saying this, he fired a pistol—not exactly at the ghost, but near enough to frighten her terribly. She gave a most violent shriek, and attempted to dart through the opposite door, which led into the room where the men slept.

"That door, ma'am is secured; and through this, by which you entered, you pass only through my other pistol, which you will excuse my pointing at a lady; but unless you this moment declare your purpose and your errand, its contents are lodged in your body."

Then the poor woman, falling on her knees, and throwing off part of her ghostly attire, confessed her only object was to drive people from inhabiting the house; which, with a subterranean passage leading out to the sea through the rocks, was partly occupied by a gang of smugglers, whenever they wanted to deposit their cargoes. The ghost lady was daughter to one, and was shortly to be the wife of another—the very Bad Barney, who was reported to have been carried away, but who, in fact, joined the gang; and it was really he who was seen on the deck of the vessel, but he had assumed a different name; and as to the man whose reform was represented by Mrs. Jones to be effected in the haunted house, the whole gang set on him as fiends, pretending to be sent for him.

The woman confessed, that in one or two nights the whole party would be in, as the spring tides had begun. These confessions were extorted by fear and surprise, so unexpected had papa's firmness been. She acknowledged to have been completely thrown off her guard. As she recovered from her terror, and began to recollect herself, she was much alarmed lest her desperate associates should wreak their vengeance on her for betraying them; but papa promised her liberty and protection for herself and father after a certain time.

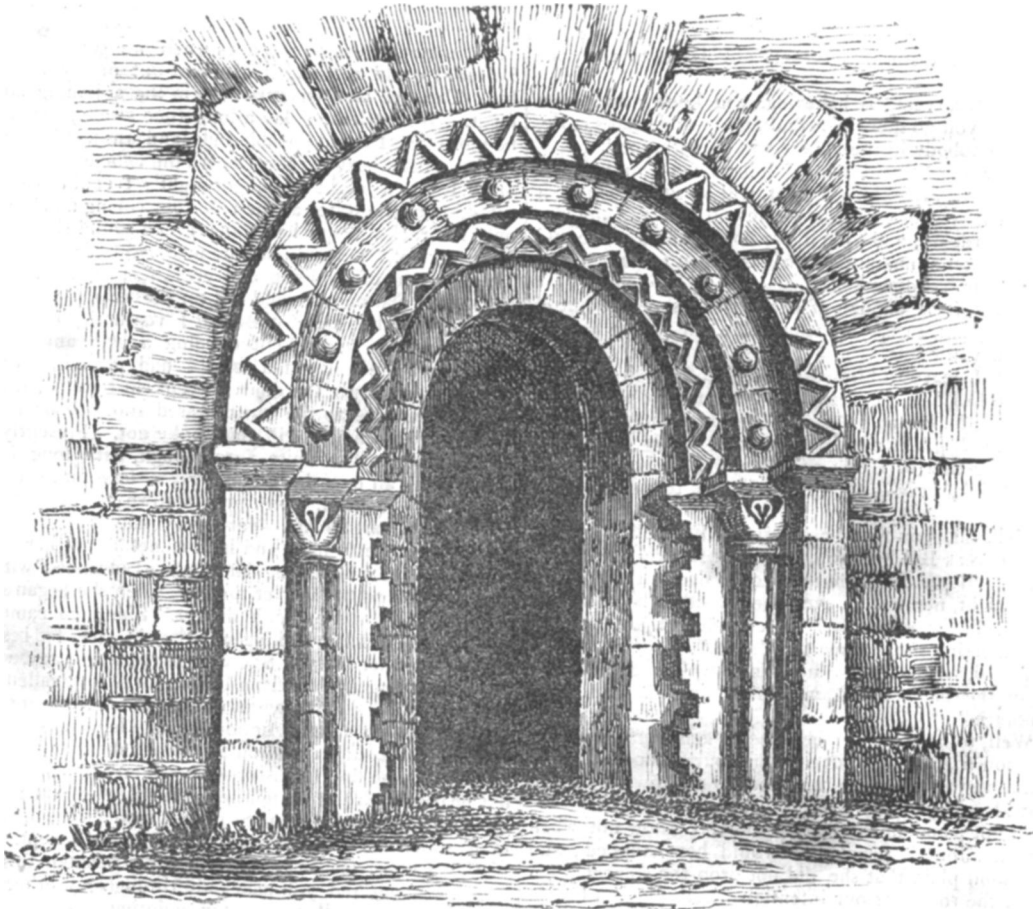
The next day notice was given to the proper author

ties, and a certain number of officers and soldiers of the Preventive Service, with others from the Custom House, were all stationed ready. Towards sunset a vessel was descried making towards the place. It was beautiful to see how she cut through the water, and, though heavily laden, carrying every sail she could hoist. Still she glided on in fine style.

Of the rest I can only tell you by hearsay, as papa said it was any thing but a proper scene for boys to witness. The end was, that although great resistance was made, the smugglers were secured to a man, and their cargo also—

the old man and his daughter set at liberty, as papa hopes, to get an honest livelihood—and we were left in quiet possession of our house and grounds.

Thus has papa, by a little presence of mind, rid the country of a nuisance; and I know I have learned a useful lesson, and seen the folly of indulging in idle fears.—But so prejudiced are the country people, that, though he has found one ghost to be human, they will believe as firmly as ever in supernatural appearances. Believe me ever yours,  
HENRY.



— Bolster, Esq. Cork, Del.

Clayton, Sc.

#### DOOR-WAY OF AGHADOE CHURCH, KILLARNEY.

##### AGHADOE.

The engravings in this and the following pages, taken by different artists, represent, very accurately, the ancient Romanesque door-way of the ruined cathedral of Aghadoe, an architectural relic of high antiquity, and interesting not only for its beauty of detail, but for the light which it reflects upon the state of national taste and art of the period to which it belongs, probably the sixth or seventh century.

It stands upon a bare green eminence, a mile and a half to the north-west of Killarney, in the county of Kerry, and in the ancient territory of the Eoganacht Loch-lein, the patrimony of the McCarthy More, and The O'Donoghue. In their day stalworth men-at-arms, and hunters of the red deer. The prospect from this place, over the enchanting lower lake, is of a magnificent description, decidedly one of the best that can be obtained: it is broad, extensive, and various, and speaks highly for the good taste of those old religious men who selected the situation for their respective fanes—the Druid, the erector of the *Turaghan*, or the Christian missionary, who raised the Cathedral.

It was morning when, accompanied by a friend, I visited this elevated upland. What a contrast between the cold

comfortless ruin, whose interior was yet in deep shadow, and the luxuriant scenery spreading far around! Before us lay the lake, one bright, sparkling, inland sea, with its dark boundary of towering mountains sloping away to the horizon. Ross Castle stood glittering in the early sunbeams, with its finely wooded peninsula, running into the lake, and that little gem of the waters, the fairy islet of Innisfallen, appearing like a shining emerald in the bosom of the wave. Turk, and Mangerton, and Glenna were still, dark, and sombre; the sun had not yet smiled on their brown sides, whilst Mucruss, amid its thick monastic groves, enjoyed all the blush and brilliancy of the hour. Truly all that the imagination can conceive of the wild, and romantic, the magnificent and beautiful, is here brought before the eye, and dull and insensible must be that mind which would not feel it luxury to gaze upon such a landscape. My companion's spirit was up and soaring: he himself declared he was spell-bound as he looked out upon the blue waters of O'Donoghue, and viewed his fairy kingdom; all the varied and vivid associations hanging over that wide spread scene, with its castles, towers, monastic shrines, and sainted isles, passed in rapid succession before his teeming fancy. I could scarcely restrain a